

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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DIOGENES TO THE PERSIAN.

I warn thee that thou think not, foolish king—
Or king of fools, since not first of thyself—
Thou canst enslave the Athenian people, more
Than thou canst make the fishes slaves. "Cannot
I catch fish," sayest thou? Yea; but what of that?
Instantly they escape as fishes do;
For if you catch a fish, it dies. Catch thou
These men, the Athenian State,—shall they not die?
What hast then for thy pains, thou king of fools?

J. V. B.

A solitary UNITY subscriber writes from the highest point in Arkansas, amid the Ozark Mountains, saying: "When summer time comes and the ministers start out on their hot weather vacations tell them that there is no healthier place in the United States than Fayetteville, Ark. Pure water, with mineral springs near by. I would be pleased to have some of them come this way."

A private note from John Fiske says he hopes to state ere long his thoughts upon "the idea of God as affected by modern science," in a little companion book to the "Destiny of Man." It will be an elaboration of the address which he would have given before the Western Conference at its recent meeting in St. Louis, had not sickness interfered. No man is better furnished to speak the timely and helpful word upon this topic than the author of "Cosmic Philosophy." A theism resting upon science is the coming faith of multitudes.

Mr. Hall's new manual, noticed in another column, suggests the thought,—What good manuals, and how many, we have been making of late for the class, which, if the complaint be true, scarcely comes to the Liberal Sunday-school,—our older boys and girls! But manuals, as many and as good, for the class that *does* come, the children from eight to fourteen years old,—where are they? Not yet provided. And is there no connection between this fact and that complaint? Or, have we learned that for the younger children, the best manual is none? That may be true where the teacher also is of the best, but is surely not true for our average. As things are, to solve the problem of our Liberal Sunday-school we need improvement all along the line; need the better manual, the better teacher, but above and back of both of these, need *Homes that will honor the Sunday-school and second the teacher's work*, be it with manual or without. The Home, I suspect, is the vitalizing point of the whole Sunday-school system; and for years now we Liberals have scarcely thought

of it as even belonging to that system! What wonder, then, our problem goes unsolved! The Chicago Women's Association has for one of its next year's subjects, "The Older Boys and Girls in Sunday-school." They are mothers most of them; in discussing their question will they not judge this one,—*Is not the Home the vitalizing point of the whole Sunday-school system?* W. C. G.

George Macdonald gave the key to many a person's features when he wrote, "Now what can I do next? It is a happy thing for us that this is really all we have to concern ourselves about,—what to do *next*. No man *can* do the second thing. He can do the first. If he omits it, the wheels of the social Juggernaut roll over him, and leave him more or less crushed behind. If he does it, he keeps in front,—and finds room to do the next thing; and he is sure to arrive at something."

They had a holy service last Sunday morning at the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia in memory of Mrs. Furness, sixty years the pastor's wife; for at last the old man sits alone, though with his children about him. One can hardly grieve for him, through joy for what he has had,—sixty blessed years of a real wedlock, a true marriage. "It was very touching, at her funeral, the day before, to see him sit at her head all through the service, and to see young and old of his people, as they passed, silently bend and kiss him." We bend, too, and give him reverent greeting.

The Index of May 28 publishes the address delivered before the Liberal Union Club in Boston April 25, by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, upon the Constitution of the National Unitarian Conference, the broadest, clearest and most scholarly utterance upon this subject that has appeared recently anywhere. Although spoken before the meeting of our St. Louis Conference, it is as clearly applicable to some questions raised there as though written for the purpose. "I wish to say with some emphasis that I understand the congregation, and not the Saratoga Conference nor any other association to be the unit of Unitarian fellowship. A Unitarian Church, in the sense in which we speak of the Episcopal or the Presbyterian Church, with a big C, I do not understand to exist. Unitarianism is rooted in Congregationalism, claims expressly to stand there, and repudiates everything else. If it ever fails to repudiate it strongly enough, then it is the duty of everyone who has at heart the interest of rational religion here to put in reminders. If the principle for which Robert Browne went to thirty dungeons and for which Barrow died means anything to us; if the principle which carried John

Robinson to Holland and which planted Plymouth still means anything in New England and America, then liberal religious thinkers should not easily act on interpretations which allow our most liberal Congregationalism to rob itself of its birthright and initiate a Unitarian Presbyterianism. No Saratoga conference ever had a right to impose any doctrine upon any Unitarian minister or congregation in America. The notion of such right is a fiction, equally a fiction whether two years old or twenty."

A petition is in circulation asking the authorities to put an end to the Sunday racing at the West Side Driving Park. It is signed by all sorts of persons for all sorts of reasons, by most, perhaps, on the ground that the races are a nuisance to all people living in the vicinity. Some take the higher ground that such races are discreditable to our city especially on Sunday; and a few, perhaps, sympathize with the movement against them because such races would be discreditable upon any day. But we shall, no doubt, have to wait a century or two before horse-racing as an entertaining spectacle is left behind altogether, and placed with cock-fighting and bull-baiting among the barbaric amusements with which our ancestors used to entertain themselves. Now the common feeling is that only the *abuse* of racing should be prohibited; but, is there really any *use* of racing?

The political situation in England seems to fail utterly to make anybody very happy. Now that Gladstone is out, the conservatives see so many difficulties that they must face in taking up the reins of government that they are already accusing the grand old man of having planned his own fall. The truth is that England has reached at last that point in her advance in, or toward, civilization, when her national conscience begins to conflict seriously with her traditional policy. May the day soon come, whether under liberal or conservative rule, when her conscience will no longer allow her to force opium upon China, to wring millions in the way of taxes from India, a country so poor that many thousands of people starve every few years; to conquer such countries as Egypt at the expense of her own working people, simply to feed the insatiate greed of her own bondholders; to govern Ireland simply for the benefit of a few lords who imagine that their right to the land is better than that of those who till the soil. And yet we know that there is another side to all this. If England were either much less aggressive or selfish than she is, some strong and less conscientious and less civilized nation would take her place as ruler of India and queen of the seas.

This is the time of year for all who own their hands and feet to remember friends who do not own theirs—members of the great "Shut-In Club," who only know June through windows. Carry the June to them—wild flowers, and better yet their living roots, something that will go on being a bit of outdoors June for a few days by a bed-side. And bless some country boy with a ten-cent pension for pro-

viding your invalid, once a week the summer through, with whatever the season offers of wild-flower life. One, for many years a member of that "Shut-In Club," writes: "What would I do if I *could* stoop? Why, I would revel in going across the street, Bridget along with me, and she could help me dig up the young tender roots. I know them by heart, and they all know me—I am sure of it—somehow. But most certainly I *cannot* stoop. So the new grass and wee, toddling plants are brought to me. Some people there are who lose ever so much enjoyment of the quality which has served me with happiness from my earliest childhood. K. was here yesterday with her bright, cheery countenance. She brought me beautiful flowers, and said she had left directions with the florist to send more to me on Monday." Or, Run-about, gather some June for a room like this: "I asked a young woman about the health of her aunt of whom she has the care, and who had a paralytic shock some months since. 'She is doing nicely, thank you,' was the reply. 'Is she able to sit up?' 'No.' 'Can she feed herself?' 'No, but she can move one foot, and that is a great deal for her.'"

G.

Our editorial drawer is becoming quite full of controversial articles looking toward *discussing* the theological issues between radical and conservative, etc., etc. For obvious reasons we cannot change our little weekly into a corpulent theological review, but if we could we would not. Our primary aim is to seek *the good*. Truth even has to us no value beyond its life-molding power. Out of a great hunger for nobility we find our trust in God, faith in man, hope for the future, and the joy of worship deepening and greatening with the years. A recent writer in the London *Inquirer* thus states pretty well the reason why we believe in the essential fruitlessness, and oftentimes something much worse, in any attempt to draw theological lines which divide friends who are traveling on one road and carrying a common burden:

"Though it should appear that Jesus was but man, yet his unselfish, gentle and sympathizing nature, and his great force of character, furnish every spiritual aid which could be rendered by an incarnation of God; and that though his sufferings be not a vicarious sacrifice, yet, resulting as they did from a struggle against sin, they may equally inflame us with an abhorrence of it, as would the spectacle of a sacrificed God. The distinction, therefore, between dogmatic and undogmatic religion seems to me to be that the former has the search after truth for its basis and the thirst after righteousness for its superstructure, while the latter has the thirst after righteousness for its only element, and relegates the search after truth to the domain of philosophy. The means by which Catholics and Evangelicals retain their hold on the public mind is by bringing forward the spiritual and keeping back the intellectual element. Not one-half of their theology is realized even by the clergy, and if it were its inconsistencies would be seen, and it would consequently be rejected. How much greater then would be the success of those who could honestly de-

clare that they have no intellectual element in the back ground, and that spiritual improvement is their sole object, so far as they appear as religious preachers, although they are glad to welcome theological discussion as an important contribution to philosophy."

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

Some of our readers will remember the agitation in these columns, about a year ago, of the claims upon the Government of Mother Bickerdyke, Miss Carroll, and other veteran heroines of our Civil War. That discussion led to the re-discovery by us of Mother Bickerdyke, that vigorous matron of the camp, a major-general in petticoats, who took command of so many a hospital field, routing at once the forces of death and red tape. Her present address is 2244 Mission street, San Francisco, and we have received pleasant communications from her. The last, under date of May 22, says:

"I have had an ugly fall, which was followed by a slow fever, but I did not break my old bones. You cannot imagine how rejoiced I am to know that my little soldier-boy is a minister of the gospel. Bless you! and may the grace of God be sufficient for you! is the prayer of your far-away friend. You do not know how pleasant it is to look at one of my soldier boys' faces though it be in a picture. * * If I am spared I shall probably go to Chicago next year. What part of the city is your church and residence?—for I wish to see you at the earliest opportunity. * * How is the Grand Army progressing in Chicago? On this coast it is doing well. There is considerable wealth among the soldiers. Taken as a body they are quiet, honest and industrious. There are very few *scalawags* among them. In fact, I do not know of any. Still they are dropping off very rapidly. * * You do not know how much good it does me to see our soldier boys holding honorable positions, and yours is the highest gift bestowed upon man.

As ever, your friend,

MARY A. BICKERDYKE.

We are led to print this personal note, not simply because we feel that there are many thousand "boys" throughout the West to whom these simple, cordial words will bring delight as they did to us, but because the following note, just received from Prof. Allen, suggests the possibility of making our columns still further a source of practical help to this loyal veteran, friend and co-worker of Abraham Lincoln.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9, 1885.

My dear Mr. Jones:—Through the happy accident of a paragraph in *UNITY* a few months ago I have been able to find Mrs. Bickerdyke here at 2244 Mission street. Have had an hour or two of delightful talk with her about her old friends (you being one) and am going this afternoon with my wife to dine at her modest table. Now you probably know something of the warrant to get her a pension which will be settled in the coming Congress, and if you will write to the Hon. Horace Davis, 1011 Bush street, San Francisco, telling him who has charge of it in Congress and putting him upon the track of any facts that should be known, you may do her a real service.

Yours very truly,

JOS. H. ALLEN.

We have taken steps to secure for Mr. Davis something of the information desired, but we will be obliged to any of our readers for any information or reminiscences concerning Mrs. Bickerdyke's service in the hospitals. Any references to available accounts of her work or biographical matter from any

source will be thankfully received, and we will try to use the same in the interest of the good-will and the gospel of helpfulness which Mrs. Bickerdyke conspicuously exemplified in "the days that tried men's souls."

BOOK-LORE AND LIFE-LORE.

Life-lore is the better. It is greater and more fruitful to be learned in life than in books. Far be it from me to undervalue books. A great book is a thing very great. A noble book is something exceedingly noble. To know well a great book is to have a strong power at hand. But why are books of strong thought and lofty cheer so great and so valuable? Because they are no more than records or musterings of human experience. Therefore it is better to learn life than to learn books which are only transcripts of life. If we are learned in life we shall get our learning at first hand, where the great book-writers get it, whence Bunyan had it, the illustrious tinker who sprung up from a despised craft and wrote a masterpiece without knowing it, because he set forth simply his lore of life; whence Burns had it, who says, "Scarcely any object gave me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure, but something which exalts and enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter day and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, raving over the plain. I listened to the birds, and frequently turned out of my path lest I should disturb their little songs or frighten them to another station." Goethe liked to roam the streets for living objects on which to feast his life-observing eyes, and he would stand enraptured before an open door through which he could see a cobbler at his work. These are the academies, these the folios, these the living languages of masterly minds. But are not books very helpful to gain this lore of life, since they store the experience and living of multitudes of men? Surely. And not only to enlarge but to correct our own experience, for always there will be many points in which we shall judge ill if we measure the world from only our own experience of it. Whose experience will be consonant always with the general, and never need correction to be a basis of thought or feeling? But observe this, that life-lore has a language of its own, and unless we learn this from life at first hand, we shall find great books only partially intelligible; but it will be a part of our ignorance to think we understand them fully. Nay, this language of the great writer is a strange thing. Its sounds may be familiar to our ears, yet carry no meaning to our minds. We must be ourselves deeply versed in the tongue. It is proved over and over that one may be a student of many books, very learned and critical in literary ways, a paragon in literature, indeed, and yet have but a rude enjoyment of nature and a shallow knowledge, little interest in the studies, or even the results of the studies, which open nature's vast wonders, and hardly enough understanding of life even to stand reverent before it, or to know where a responsibility lies and to fail not. The test of a wise and fruitful use of books is this:

that, using them constantly, we are not absorbed in them. If one be climbing up steep, never so beautiful, to great prospects and vast vistas to be seen from the top, it is foolish to be lost in the fine terraces of the ascent. Is he a workman who is so absorbed in the tools that he can do nothing with them? But a book is a mere life-tool. To be taken with it so as to miss the life-making, is weakness. Suspect any one who wishes to talk mainly of books. Suspect him at least of uselessness, and perhaps of shallow pretensions; for if he has understood the books deeply by mastery of that second language in which they are writ beneath the first visible words, he will wish to talk of the matter of them, that is, of life in its deeps and its mysteries. Life lore directly garnered and then winnowed, corrected, amplified by book-lore—this is learning rounded into wisdom. This is large, ennobling; a fountain of help and strength; but mere bookishness and literary chat I find but little in, and less and less.

A friend writes me, "How do you like this idea which I met in Emerson the other day? 'We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth.' I like it and have kept saying it over and over to myself. I take such delight in all nature's operations, and so live in the smiles of sunshine, the infinite beauties of color and the gay light-heartedness of animated things, that sometimes I feel as if I were almost childish; but it makes me happy." This seems to me beautiful, blissful, beaming like the sunshine of which my friend speaks. Yet she is a woman who reads in six languages, and by long study has added to the hereditary scholarship of the name she bears. Do I value her half dozen tongues, her wide reading in many literatures, her sciences and arts? Yes, but more the simplicity of her soul; for one might live with her many weeks and know only that she could use English well; and more also her happy and all-enjoying traits, which embrace life in a wide and fine affection, and enter into its mysteries and can show them to others. What would her learning have done for me in my youth? Nothing. But I look back now to her life-lore as the first opening for me of life's greatest chapters, which still I read slowly by the lamp of my friend.

J. V. B.

Contributed Articles.

AH ME! THOUGH FREE.

If I can only show thee, dear,
The truth my soul perceives
(Since losing me so grieves),
If I can banish all thy fear,
And thou canst to thy God draw near,
Without those superstitions drear,
How happy we may be!
Ah me!
How free
And happy we may be.

If I can break the ties that hold
Thee to thy dim faith, dear,
And show thee mine so clear!
If now, as we are growing old,
We share the blessings manifold
Of liberty, by Christ foretold,
How happy may we be.
Ah me!
How free
And happy may we be.

Alas! I cannot show thee, dear,
The truth my soul perceives
(Nor tell thee how it grieves).
Thou wilt not hear my words. Dost fear,
Lest, losing some delusions drear,
Thou'lt find that my belief can cheer,
And thine is heresy?
Ah me!
How free
Ought every mind to be.

And so our souls must part for aye;
Each loyal to the wraith
Of reason and of faith.
And so we sit and think and sigh,
And so the weary years go by,
And both are wondering vaguely why
We cannot happy be.
Ah me!
Though free,
We cannot happy be.

ELLA A. GILES.

"TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."

Were it not for familiarity with this ditty, how rarely would we associate the little shining seed-ball with the wide-spreading oak, so totally unlike are they; and how seldom do we remember that our great poets and philosophers,—men who have attained an eminence which renders all titles superfluous, and who are known to the world by only a single name, as Coleridge, Cowper, Carlyle,—were once little boys with boyish joys and sorrows; yet every genius was a boy, and the kind of soil in which the acorn burst its shell and from which it drew nourishment, had perhaps no more to do with the growth of the oak than had the youthful surroundings of the boy poet or philosopher with his after development. Think of poor little Sammy Coleridge, the petted baby in a family of thirteen children, a delicate, timid child, rarely away from his mother's side—where he read or listened to the talk of his elders—being sent at the age of ten years to a school where six hundred boys "huddled, fought and starved together"! Suffering from a weak stomach and tender feet, is it a wonder that he passed half his time in the sick ward?

After several years spent here, holidays and all, swimming in summer for hours together, sometimes drying his clothes on his back, prowling about the street in winter, objectless and idle, shivering at

shop windows, and shivering home in the evening, to swallow his bit of stale bread moistened with the bluest of milk porridge or with "attenuated beer," is it any marvel that he grew yellow with jaundice and crooked with rheumatism? All this suffering and neglect prepared him to become an easy victim to the opium habit which by and by fastened itself upon him, warping his judgment, sapping his intellect, stunting his power and at last laying him low like a mighty forest oak decayed at the roots. Had Cowper's mother lived to love and guide her boy, he might have escaped the melancholy life, so clouded at its close, to which he was doomed. What touching pathos in his lines to his mother's picture!

"My mother, when I knew that thou wert dead
Say, wert thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son?—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun.
I heard the bell toll on thy funeral day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh and wept a last adieu."

Another lonely boy vanished from a loving home to one of those prison schools which in the last century were such a shame and curse to England, tells thus in after rhyme, of his youthful desolation:

"Sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow."

* * * * *
"Years intervening have not worn away
The memory of that wretched day."

After describing the kind smiles of the mistress and master of the school to which his father had taken him, their encouraging words as to how easy and happy his life there would be, what a fine playground, good air and instruction, with the tender care he would receive, all told in the presence of his father, Southey adds, with a sarcasm as humorous as it is quiet, in the last two lines:

"I followed to the garden door
My father, till through tears I saw no more:
How civilly they spoke my name,
And how they never spoke so civilly again!"

Had DeQuincey's mother been a woman less narrow and severe, one who could have understood, sympathized, and had patience with the peculiar temperament of her boy, he might never have been tempted to break away from the monotonous existence that he endured at a school where all was uncongenial; never have drifted into the slums of London where he nearly died of starvation, and where no doubt he learned to forget his misery in the fatal drug which proved his ruin.

How much taller might these tall oaks have grown had the acorns been properly nourished!

Our nineteenth century boys have not the same temptations and privations of the Tommies, Sammies and Roberts of a hundred years ago, but there are still warping, dwarfing influences around, among us, and we who have influence over brothers, nephews and sons, should have a care that so far as our responsibility goes, it goes on the side of right molding, physically, socially and morally.

KATE CRAYON.

A THOUGHT

I fell of late
To meditate
On time, and fate,
And life thoughts great
Hear me relate
My dreaming.

I saw truth sold
For power and gold,
Vice grown more bold
Than virtues old,
And love, grown cold
To feeling.

'Twas but a thought.
I woke, and caught
A vision bright, of souls unbought,
Who toiled for truth and right, and fought
For larger life, which must be sought
In doing, not in dreaming.
F. L. PHALEN.

MEADVILLE, Pa., May 4, 1885.

BENEVOLENT AND PHILANTHROPIC WORK IN OUR WESTERN CHURCHES.

[Extract from a report read at the Western Unitarian Conference at St. Louis, by Rev. E. I. Galvin, of Chicago.]

[Mr. Galvin began by showing how intimately related were the beginnings of the Unitarian movement with the philanthropic interests of the time. Channing's protest was chiefly a protest in the interest of the humanities. We hope to make room for some of these facts at some future time. Below we give that which is the most valuable part of every Conference report, viz., that which deals with facts rather than with theories, shows what is being done to-day and what may and ought to be done to-morrow.—ED.]

Personal contact with the poor, the unfortunate, the sinful, under the baptism of a love and patience which knows no wearying, and which has no trace of condescension in it, is the only efficacious means by which Christian charity can do the perfect work, and solve the dark problem of vice, pauperism and crime. Not until we come to the adoption of this principle will our charity work bring forth abundant fruit. It is not enough that we advocate the cause of suffering humanity—no matter how sound our theories may be—we must give ourselves to the work of ameliorating their lot, and reclaiming the erring.

This was the spirit which educated Samuel J. May, Theodore Parker* and others, when they pleaded the cause of the slave.

*In the Journal of Mr. Parker, in 1849, the following sonnet is found:

"Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame
Tho' once they would have joyed my carnal sense,
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense,
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right,
A heart with pity filled and gentlest ruth,
A manly faith that makes all darkness light.
Give me the power to labor for mankind:
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak,
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind,
A conscience to the base, and, to the weak
Let me be hands and feet, and to the foolish, mind,
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek."

Time will only permit us to glance at the specific work which engages the activity of our churches in Ann Arbor, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Iowa City, Buda, Louisville, Minneapolis, Chicago, and Portland, Oregon. That work comprises Ladies' Charitable Societies for the visitation of the sick and ministering to poor families, Sewing Schools for the instruction of poor children, Hospitals for women and children (the Cincinnati Church wholly supports a day nursery for the babies of working women and helps support a free home for sick children), free kindergartens, training schools for nurses, industrial schools (either for girls alone, as is done by Unity Church, Chicago, or for both boys and girls, as is done by the Church of the Messiah, in the same city). Flower Missions, coöperation with the Humane Society and the Charity Organization Society, or with the Provident Association, as is done by our churches in St. Louis.

Here I would say that in all the large cities where charity organization societies exist, Unitarians are among the foremost workers, though I regret to state that in Chicago they have not yet come up to the standard. In Cincinnati, however, that movement which was organized by the earnest efforts of Brother Wendte, to whom we are also largely indebted for the Chicago Athenæum, has gained general recognition as the wisest and most beneficent system ever devised. Its great utility was put to thorough test during the Ohio floods and was not found wanting.

In addition to the above named charitable schemes, one or two of our churches coöperate with others in maintaining a Women's Exchange for the sale of the handiwork of humble women, in Sunday-school temperance work, and in efforts to reclaim fallen women and secure for them good homes. The Third Church in Chicago has, during the past year, rendered a valuable service to the temperance cause by placing a water fountain on one of the great thoroughfares.

All these great philanthropic objects are most beneficent. Entered into with singleness of heart and in unwearying love, they will do very much towards making a better and happier world. Whoever follows the impulse of the spirit to put his or her soul into such charities, will count it rank infidelity to question whether "life be worth living."

And yet, friends, let us not solace ourselves with the thought that we, as Unitarians, are as loyal to our faith as we ought to be, or that, as a conference, we are doing all that could reasonably be expected of us. It is not so. "To whom much is given, of them will much be required." Ours is a heritage of almost boundless wealth.

Even the most active and benevolent among our churches—"whose works praise them in the gates"—often regret that they have not done more, and this humility is healthful. But what account of their stewardship shall those churches render which can point to no earnest effort, as churches, to lighten other burdens, or to alleviate the sorrow and distress of humanity around them. Is a church worth living that does not identify itself with some philanthropy which calls for self-denial and consecration?

Let the consciences of its attendants answer. It is pitiable to hear a minister and his people pronounce the words, "love to God and love to man," trippingly on the tongue Sunday after Sunday, and yet daily practice the parts of the priest and Levite toward a needy brother.

"Have you helped to organize many new churches since you came to Chicago?" I asked of a prominent Baptist minister, the other day. "No," he replied, "but I have cheerfully helped to bury two or three; which," he added, "I think is often quite as valuable service." If there be no heart interest in practical religion, the church is dead, and the sooner the body is laid away the better for the world. No funeral service is needed, and let no one put on mourning.

I have enumerated a goodly list of charities and philanthropies in which our Western Unitarian Churches are interested—but out of them all only three churches, so far as reported, are doing any service in behalf of prisoners, or better methods of reform among that large and unfortunate class. Here is a matter which might well make us pause. In view of the startling fact that there are over 60,000 criminals confined within prison walls at one time, and that these, according to the estimate, constitute only one-fifth part of the whole number—in view also of the fact, as stated by President Picard, in the last number of the *North American Review*, that the ratio of crime to the population had quadrupled in thirty years, from 1850 to 1880, does it not show a very great neglect on the part of all our churches—and I do not mean Unitarian alone—that scarcely any of them use Christian efforts in behalf of the convict class.

The penitentiaries of the United States are misnamed. Few, if any, make it a cardinal feature in their dealing with the criminal classes to lead them to penitence and reform. Humane men are often employed as wardens and superintendents,—but they cannot radically change the plan which state governments have devised. Relics of barbarism may still be found in the prisons and jails and police stations throughout the land. And the larger part of them are nothing less than schools of crime. The mere suggestion of this point is sufficient. It is the testimony of an experienced sheriff in New Jersey, based on years of observation, that a larger percentage of the convicts in the state prisons came from the reformatories for youth than from other prisons! Shall we merely utter an exclamation at these statements and then subside into our customary indifference? God forbid. These convicts are our brethren, and we are all their fellow-sinners.

Let me commend to you all, for careful reading, the last annual report of the National Conference of Charities, Child-Saving and Reformatories held in this city last October. You would render a valuable service to your parishes by placing it in the hands of all who are interested in benevolent work. It shows what practical religion means.

In closing this paper I may dwell, for a moment, upon the work which our brilliant Eliot, who went from this church nearly 20 years ago, and his faithful parish have done in Oregon. Toiling alone, far from the fellowship of kindred souls, the "Church

of our Father" has made it a vital part of its mission to identify itself with the humanities. Regular visitations have been made, for years, to the city jail, the state prison, the alms-house, the insane asylum, carrying to them all both the uttered and the printed message of encouragement and hope. In the "Christian Union," which is maintained within the Church, some of the best results of social science and philanthropy have been attained. In 1876, at an evening meeting of the Union, its conference on the subject of temperance started a movement which enlisted the co-operation of nearly all the other churches in the city in open public temperance meetings which, in a little more than a year's time, drew in over 3,000 recruits, and made its influence felt over Oregon and Washington Territory.

And here let me quote the closing words of a paper read by a lady friend at a recent anniversary of that society. After referring to the scenes of misery and crime presented in the various asylums and reformatories which had been visited, she says: "How can we strike at the root of this tree of evil and crime? We may lay the blame of it at the door of intemperance, of heredity, of untrained will, of social allurements, of institutions, if you will. But whatever or whosoever the cause may be, we, as factors of society, are responsible for its removal. The day is past when we may supinely rest in the belief that these evils exist in the nature of things and cannot be undone. The grand prelude of the new era that is just upon us, is that human beings are responsible for human conditions and human wants. If they are wrong, it is for us, as human beings, to set them right, and not to throw the responsibility upon God or nature."

The Study Table.

LESSONS ON THE LIFE OF ST. PAUL. By E. H. Hall. Good work this—as whoever knows Mr. Hall's other manual, "First Lessons on the Bible," would expect it to be. His ample scholarship, and self-restraint in using it, fit him well for manual-making—no small art. He invites us here to spend thirty-one days with that man, all fire and fearlessness and fortitude and love, who, more than any other one man, saved Christianity from being a small Jewish sect and made it a world-religion—thirty-one days with Paul; now by his side on a missionary tour, now facing a mob with him, now listening to a sermon, now looking on as he writes letters. Mr. Hall interprets the "Acts" by the "Epistles," allowing for the contradictions between the two records; treats Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians as probably of Paul's writing; and makes all into a clear and graphic story. A story, and yet a study,—one intended for the older classes, who can hardly fail to have a good time over it. Each section is provided with review questions for the student and with references for the teacher's use. It is one of the little guide-books that show how thoroughly interesting the Bible becomes, when allowed that reverence, and

only that, to which it can make good its claim as literature. Now if Mr. Hall, in some such way as this, would edit for class-use a sort of Hebrew "Parnassus,"—some thirty best poems out of Job, the Psalms and the Prophets! Why will he not? Unity Club study-classes as well as the Sunday-schools would welcome it.—[Unit. S. S. Soc'y, Boston. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 35 cents.] W. C. G.

DOWN THE RAVINE. By Charles Egbert Craddock. This story was first published in serial form in *Wide Awake*, and combines those features of strong local coloring and humorous and pathetic description of the familiar type of character in which the author deals, which her stories for older people have made familiar to us. The motive and the plot of "Down the Ravine" are both of sufficient merit to make up a good story for boys' reading, but there is room for slight criticism in regard to the style in which the book is written, and which too often is rendered quite unintelligible to the average young reader by an unnecessary use of long words and abstruse allusions. The materials in which Mr. (?) Craddock deals are well suited to the demands of the juvenile mind, the regions of the Cumberland mountains affording all the elements of romantic adventure and picturesque surroundings, which, under skillful treatment, can be made as attractive to the minds of the young as of the old; but this end can be secured only in a style as simple as it is strong, and relieved of too difficult moralizing and mental analysis, else the readers of the Craddock stories, which are sure to be many in any case, will be limited to the older class in the community. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.] W.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB. By Helen Campbell. There are more ways for girls to work and earn a living than can be found in cities only. They need not always go from home, for often their best opportunities lie close at hand. A book for the young folks has been written wherein are set forth many ways in which girls can carry on a business for themselves in their own homes in the country. It is called "The What-to-Do Club" and is a book with a purpose, and a happy mixture of entertaining story with practical suggestions. It treats of bee-culture, the raising and canning of fruits for market, poultry-keeping, etc., having most sensible hints and a few actual figure estimates for each enterprise. "Luck" has no bearings in these estimates, the writer confessedly believing that attention to the study of one's work, and a thorough application of her observations make always the most successful success. [Roberts Bros., Boston, \$1.50.] E. T. L.

TALKS AFIELD. By L. H. Bailey, Jr. A good book for summer reading, whose subject matter is found in the products of the woods and fields. One hundred illustrations and an index serve to assist the reader in the study of the book's contents, which are arranged under such easy and attractive titles as "How Some Plants Get Up in the World," "A Thistle Head," "Willow Twigs," etc. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.] W.

UNITY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

NOTES AND NEWS.

REV. FRANCIS TIFFANY, of West Newton, Mass., is supplying the pulpit at Ann Arbor through the month of June.

THE Treasurer's report of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference will be found on the announcement page of this issue.

"SCIENCE" seems to have conclusive evidence that the tallest men now existing are the Patagonians. Fine bodies do not always imply fine minds.

UNITY LEAFLET No. 11, containing the three essays on Worship read at the St. Louis Conference by Mr. Howland, Mr. Blake and Mr. Gannett, has been issued in the shape of a dainty pamphlet of forty-two pages, by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society. See their advertisement on another page.

RIEL, the Winnipeg rebel, will plead insanity. If he is successful Canada will endeavor to prove he is a citizen of the United States. If both are successful he will be incarcerated in an American asylum, where his incineration will be but a question of time. It is hard in these days for a criminal to evade justice in some way.—*Chicago Tribune.*

REV. GEO. A. THAYER, of Cincinnati, is holding a series of Sunday afternoon services during the month of June, in the Avondale suburb. This movement may be the beginning of that Second Church which must come. What if it be small and cosy at first? It will grow. Certain grape-vine rumors reach us that the work of hiring the hall, advertising, printing, furnishing an organ, borrowing a family Bible, finding the organist, choir leader,

etc., has all been done by a woman, and still we are looking among the men for missionary timber. Let the states that are looking for state missionaries try a woman now and then. Perhaps the Western Conference will reach its highest efficiency when it has a woman for a secretary.

THE Fox River Association of Universalists recently held their Forty-fifth Annual Session at Elgin. A three-days meeting was held and a vigorous programme offered. Among the topics discussed were "Will the Coming Man Go to Church?" "Church Expenditures," "Ministerial Recruits," "Science and Theology," "Prophecy and Prophets," etc., etc.

HE came to the city recently, staying over Sunday. When he returned home he was asked if he went to church while he was away. "No," said he, "I couldn't find the men's meeting-house. I went into about a dozen churches, but as they all appeared to be women's meetings; of course I went out immediately. I didn't wish to intrude upon their privacy, you know."—*Exchange.*

THE many friends of the late Rev. John Pierpont will doubtless be pleased to learn that a memorial volume, containing a biography of the distinguished preacher and philanthropist, is now in preparation. Persons having letters or manuscript written by him will materially add to the accuracy and early completion of the work by sending their address to Pierpont, 3 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

THE English Presbyterians at their London synod in May recommended to the various Presbyteries and sessions, some statements looking toward the amelioration of the old cast-iron Confession of Faith, a sort of a tenth article looking toward the disarming of their preamble. Let the timid Presbyterians look into the experience of the American Unitarians, and they will find that such modifications are not dangerous.

A FRIEND writes from Boston: "I must catch breath to tell you that Mr. Billings has made a very satisfactory portrait of Theodore Parker for the Unitarian building. Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Leighton and Mr. Haynes are pleased with it. He is drawn without beard or glasses, and looks about fifty, with a direct, open expression, and fine head. I think friends will be pleased and others will believe it true."

"SOME letters on 'Religion in Harvard,' lately written to the New York *Tribune*," says the *Christian Leader*, "have attracted considerable attention. They are from the pen of a gentleman who a few years ago took an excursion from Orthodoxy into Free Religion and who subsequently relapsed into his primordial type. Mr. Towne is clearly of opinion that Harvard college has failed to make of itself a university; and he is in close agreement with a recent critic of that institution who proclaimed the decline of both theological knowledge and the religious spirit at this venerable seat of learning. But Mr. Towne identifies the failure of Harvard to become a university with what he calls 'the failure of Unitarianism.' We are not able to master Mr. Towne's logic. There is in it somewhat that is subtle, as in Dr. Park's

jokes, and which eludes comprehension. But we suppose it is true that Unitarianism has failed, in one sense. It does not possess the capacity of institutional development. It seems to have got its growth as a 'body,' though its soul is marching on. Probably there is a germinal defect in it. Organisms that were meant to be large usually become so: those that were never designed for expansion cannot be expanded. But as an intellectual force in religion and in society Unitarianism is not second to any that has appeared in our time and country."

THE people of Unity Church, Algona, have been much gratified over a union of the several church societies in worship where the liberal element was *recognized*. Miss Hultin was invited by the G. A. R. post to preach the memorial sermon, Sunday, May 31, and the other churches, six in number, united with her. Our large court-room was packed—many could not obtain seats and were obliged to leave. The sermon was a fine effort, and did great credit, not only to Miss Hultin, but also to the little band of liberals sustaining her.

G. H. W.

BELIEVING in the great power of symbolism when the thing symbolized is of direct value, and the symbol is a natural rather than an artificial one, we place high educational value on the circulation of the Bartholdi statuettes, which can be secured by sending \$1 to Richard Butler, Sec'y, 33 Mercer street, New York. Let the children far and wide through our country become familiar with the statuette and its story. Let them ponder over the mystic title, "Liberty Enlightening the World," and who will doubt that they will be made thereby better patriots and truer freemen?

THE FALL OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC is a prophecy in the form of history, bearing date of 1895, and chronicling the overthrow of the United States government by the socialists, and the final conquest of the country by the allied powers of England, France and Germany. The moral of the book is obvious, and is well enforced by incisive comment on the events of the present day, which are interspersed in the narrative. The style of the story is bright and well sustained, though the author once in a while breaks through the limits of probability.—[Roberts Bros., Boston; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Paper, 30 cents.]

WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The Directors of the W. W. U. C., met at headquarters June 4, 1885. Present: Mrs. E. A. West, President; Mrs. Gordon, Secretary; Mrs. Hilton, Treasurer; Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Leonard, proxy for Miss Roberts, and Miss LeBaron. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Treasurer's report read and accepted. The resignations of Mrs. Woolley and Mrs. Bills were accepted, and Miss LeBaron and Miss Ellen M. Gould, of Davenport, Iowa, were elected to fill the vacancies. Communications were read from absent directors, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss McCaine, Mrs. Udell, Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Gale. An appropriation of ten dollars was allowed for the traveling expenses of Miss LeBaron to the Wisconsin State Conference.

The Board requested the Directors, Mrs. Sunderland and Mrs. Udell, to present the cause of the W. W. U. C., at the Michigan State Conference; also Mrs. Cole and Miss Gould to do likewise in Iowa. Mrs. Gordon was requested to correspond with such directors as had failed for three meetings to respond to the "Plan of Work" adopted by this Conference. The Committee on Programmes for Religious Study reported progress.

MRS. G. E. GORDON,

Recording Secretary W. W. U. C.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS., the well-known Boston publishers, have just issued a descriptive catalogue of their books, which covers 126 closely printed pages. We thought we had some idea before of the number and value of the publications of this house, but this new catalogue compels us to enlarge our conception very materially. The list is descriptive in the fullest sense, and is in itself very interesting reading. We advise every reader to write Messrs. Roberts Brothers, 3 Somerset St., Boston, for a copy of the catalogue, and if you do not wish to feel under obligations to purchase any of the books described, after reading it, perhaps it would be as well to accompany your request with a two-cent stamp.

THE summer meeting of the Iowa Unitarian Association is to be held at Sioux City, July 1, 2, 3 and 5. All visitors are requested to report at the Hubbard House, corner Fourth and Pine streets. Reduced rates on all railroads are arranged for. The following is the tempting programme:

Wednesday, July 1st, 1885.

7:30 P.M.—ADDRESS OF WELCOME, Mr. A. L. Hudson, Sioux City.

RESPONSE, by the President, Rev. O. Clute.

CONFERENCE SERMON, Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thursday, July 2d, 1885.

9 A.M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING, led by Miss Ida C. Hultin, Algona.

10 A.M.—REPORTS. Appointment of Committees.

11 A.M.—PAPER, Rev. Wm. E. Copeland, Omaha, Neb.

2 P.M.—DISCUSSION, Subject: "Church Life, Its Sources and Conditions." A word from the Pulpit, or the Minister's Views: Rev. E. C. Headle, Keene, N. H. Voices from the Pews: Mr. W. H. Taft, Humboldt; Dr. W. R. Smith, Sioux City; Joel P. Davis, Des Moines; Mr. J. C. C. Haskins, Sioux City.

7:30 P.M.—UNITARIANISM, AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR. "The Work It is Now Doing," Rev. S. S. Hunting, Des Moines. "The Authority by Which We Preach It," Rev. E. Powell, Topeka, Kansas. "Its Future—The Higher Outlook," Rev. Mary A. Safford, Humboldt.

Friday, July 3d, 1885.

9 A.M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING, led by J. T. Sunderland, Chicago, Ill.

10 A.M.—POST OFFICE MISSION WORK. Paper, Miss E. M. Gould, Davenport; Reports from Workers.

11:30 A.M.—REPORTS OF COMMITTEES AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

2 P.M.—UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. "Their Importance and Needs," Miss B. Wakefield, Sioux City. "Tools and Methods," Miss E. Gordon, Humboldt.

3:30 P.M.—HOW CHRIST CAME TO BE REGARDED AS SUPERNATURAL, Rev. Arthur, M. Judy, Davenport.

7:30 P.M.—SERMON, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday, July 5th, 1885.

10:45 A.M.—SERMON, Rev. O. Clute, Iowa City.

7:30 P.M.—SERMON, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Algona.

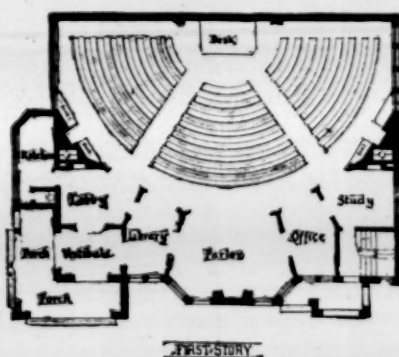
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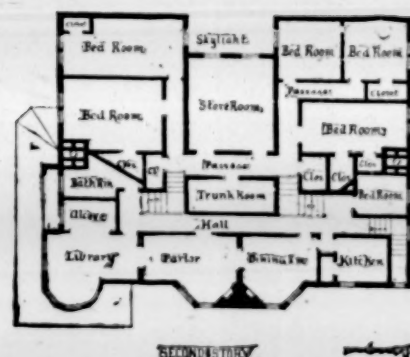
CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

A Proposed Plan for All Souls Church,
Chicago.



Size, 72 x 60 feet. Cost, \$10,000.

Auditorium Room holds, minimum, 250;
maximum, 500.



THE NEW PROBLEMS IN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

[A sermon preached to All Souls Church, Chicago, May 17, 1885, by
Jenkin Lloyd Jones.]

I am inclined to think that architecture, in its broadest interpretation, is the finest of the fine arts; and the most potent mistress of architecture has been, and will continue to be, religion. The temples of the race represent not only the most permanent forces in humanity, but also the finest achievements of the human hand. Where truth is missed, beauty is often caught, and it has wrought with the power of truth upon the human heart. Doubtless the greatest of the temples, architecturally considered, is the Gothic cathedral. The great minsters of the Middle Ages stand among the sublimest projections of the human soul into matter. They represent the finest embodiment of human imagination found in

stone. The works of the great church-builders of the Middle Ages are worthy rivals of the Alps and the Apennines in the affections of modern pilgrims. For their achievements I have unbounded reverence. And yet I believe the cathedral-building age has gone, never again to return in the old form, and that the modern church builded after the conventional cathedral type is an obvious anachronism, a poor shadow of a past glory, ill-adapted to present uses, imperfectly reflecting the prophetic thought of to-day; and consequently an inadequate instrument in the hands of a progressive church.

I break with the conventional Gothic type of church architecture because (1.) It is too expensive. The complexity of modern life, its multitude of interests, diversity of tastes, make it not only impossible but undesirable to mass the resources and accumulate the energies of an entire community upon a single building. Magnitude is almost an indispensable element in Gothic architecture. Make a perfect model of York Minster ten feet high, and most of its

beauty is lost. The Gothic type is the most costly form of architectural combination. It sprang out of the heart of Catholicism and not Protestantism. It implies the authoritative word of pope or bishop. To successfully realize it involves the combined resources of generations. Study the most pretentious church buildings on our city avenues: as a rule they are but denuded fragments of a cathedral, shorn of the old glory, wanting in harmony and symmetry. But even these beggarly imitations of noble buildings cost so much that the earnest well-to-do prudentially avoid them, wealthy men groan under the cost, and pastors are often smothered under their mortgages. In the new life of our Western towns, where the commendable spirit of Protestantism inevitably subdivides a community into many circles drawn by thought-lines, and where there is no stratified monied accumulation, the churches now existing represent an aggregate deposit out of all proportion to the service they render. In the face of so many noble things that languish for want of money, the piling up of so much capital that must necessarily be practically non-productive for six days in the week, seems to me simply wicked; and the fact that all this is done in the name of Religion, the inspirer of humility, the teacher of simplicity, but heightens the wickedness. Material extravagance should find perpetual rebuke in the home of Religion. Let her altars exemplify what she should always teach,—that it is a crime against the Holy Spirit to trespass upon the bounds of strictest honesty. To a rational church the building is at best but a tool, and the voices of piety and common sense unite in a protest against investing so much in the tool as to leave but a slender margin of time, money or courage to use it. I know of no greater indignity offered to morals by modern society than the prevalent habit of men and women to excuse themselves from the holy work of the world, because, forsooth, it costs them so much to "run their own church." And what, in heaven's name, does their own church *do* when it is "run" in that way? The other day the foundations of a great seat of learning, Chicago's would-be University, were sold without a blush under the auctioneer's hammer. Doubtless the deacons would offer as part of their apology the fact that they had paid so much for the gilded crosses that surmount the pine spires on our street-corners that there was no money left to foster educational institutions. We all know church societies that find themselves in the predicament of the Kansas farmer who paid so much for his seed-drill that he had no money left to buy seed-wheat, and his field went unsown for the year.

But this canon of economy cuts deeper than the mere line of indebtedness. The wealth-line should, as far as possible, be kept out of the home of Religion. The mechanic and the seamstress are barred out of the gilded palace called a modern church, which may have cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as effectually as if a policeman stood at its door for that purpose,—its luxurious sittings put such glaring emphasis upon their poverty. Titled lords sit alongside of the humblest artisan every Sunday on the bare forms in Westminster Abbey; but the modern uphol-

stery in our costly conventional church, as built to humor the body rather than to feed the soul, makes this thing impossible. The rational faith's first demand upon the architect, then, is for a building that can be paid for out of the legitimate resources of the community, and still leave a margin of money and time for the humanities of thought and feeling for which the church ought to stand.

2. The conventional church is ill adapted to the service of man. Putting the highest interpretation upon the word practical, Gothic architecture, as applied to church building, is ill adapted to the practical needs of this age and climate. The cathedral aspired to be "the house of God." The classic sculptor was irreverent enough to chisel out of marble an image of the deity he worshiped, and the old master did not hesitate to paint the picture of his triune deity. Sculptor, painter and architect have grown more religious since. The larger thought recognizes that He who filleth immensity cannot be contained within man-made walls, and that He who is the fullness of all glory needs no building to add to the glory. But we need a building better adapted to teach men how to live. Learning this, they will die nobly enough. The architect must remember that God's fingers of gravitation hold as firmly the brick and mortar in the walls of the machine shop in the alley as they do those that enter into the walls of the church on the avenue. The sacred grimness of the cold piles of stone which we call "our finest churches" gives an unconscious chill to the moral life of the city that eddies around them. Six days in the week they stand with doors locked upon their shrouded elegance, and to the most thinking element in a community they represent grim sepulchres of a chilly piety and seventh-day sanctity, frozen through in winter and musty in smell in summer. No one cares to live near them. Real estate is depreciated in their vicinities. Robert Browning describes the atmosphere that surrounds too many churches:

"With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
From human fellowship so far."

Build us instead, O architect, a building whose very walls will be instinct with human fellowship and human needs. Flood it with sunlight and fill it with pure air. Make it not too costly nor too stately for the tides of human life, human life in baby tresses or the white glory of age, to pour in and out every day in the week. Modern thought has given a new attitude to religious life which must be recognized in our church buildings. Gothic art compelled the devotee to prostrate himself. It invited him to tell his beads in shadowy alcoves, and commanded him to drag his trembling length to the confessional box. In the cathedral-building age the sanctity of reason and the holiness of thought were not recognized. Instead of thinking, men felt—nay, feared, their way to God. The cathedral provided no seats for listeners, no light for readers, and the human voice was broken into unintelligent echoes among its arches. It was no place to listen, to work, or to think. It kindled a mystic imagination, but strangled the judgment. It was never meant to be warmed in winter or to be ventilated in summer. Its

"dim religious light" is an offense to the inquirer. And the modern adaptation has but partially avoided these objections. The liberal faith demands of the architect a building in which the worshiper can keep awake, and being awake can hear, and hearing is instructed, and being instructed goes away with a cheerful purpose to work. The old church building was provided for multitudes. The new must more respect the individual. He is getting to be more and more important each year. The great church, large enough to shelter an entire neighborhood, is slowly giving away to the finer ideal of many smaller homes, where those of like mind and taste band themselves together with home-like ties. The individual will not allow himself to be lost in the crowd, not even a crowd of devotees. In the coming church the presence of each will be recognized, and the absence of any one will be felt. Heaven impinges most forcibly upon our earth at the fireside. Family ties are the golden links in that chain that binds the race around the feet of God. And the church organization is no longer a selfish insurance company banded together for protection against fire, but it is the larger family, and its building must be made the larger home. Its parlor will be the annex to our own, where brothers and sisters can be more conveniently entertained than in our smaller rooms. The dining-room of the church will be capacious enough to receive the overflow of our private ones; and its ampler book-shelves will be the extension of our meager private libraries. Why, then, should not the interior of the one be modeled after the interior of the other? Let the walls be tinted, the windows draped, in such a way as to give a homelike air to the place. Let it be made beautiful with pictures, dignified with the statues of our prophets, and consecrated with the faces of our benefactors. In its niches let the years accumulate keepsakes, mementoes, symbols of good will and holy memories.

In all this I do not mean that the new church should be less beautiful than the old. Grace in form inspires grace in thought and action. The line of beauty ever tends to the line of truth. The rational faith will only demand that the architect recognize the broad distinction between the conventional and the genuine in art, between the tawdry and the simple, the pretentious and the real, the loud attractions of the vulgar and the restful simplicity of true refinement. It will call for a church so builded that it will shame the coarseness both of under and of over dress in the attendants. Real art never breaks with the useful and the sincere. Art has no use for "whittled steeples," and it demands that we cease the building of

"Gothic contract-shams, because
Our deacons have discovered that it pays,
And pews sell better under vaulted roofs
Of plaster, painted like an Indian squaw."

Nor do I advocate any change that will make the church less a shrine, less an altar, at which the soul confronts the solemnities of life, a place where the lower levels are abandoned for the diviner moods of the spirit. The church will, in the future as in the past, help mellow hard lives, humble proud spirits, make grateful thankless hearts. I believe in the

humanizing quality of worship and the great helpfulness of special times and places. The race-horse makes his best time on the familiar track. The carpenter does his finest work at his own bench; the editor must write his paragraphs in his sanctum; and the minister cannot shape his sermon out of his study. For similar reasons the church will continue to be a special house of prayer and meditation. It will continue to be the home of reverence and gratitude. It has consequently come into the world to stay. The form of the church must be modified only to conform with the modified thought of our day. The Jewish temple, with its royal apartment for Jehovah, is gone, because that thought of God as a regal magnate is gone. And so the cathedral symbolizes a thought of God that is gone or going. Lavish all money, study antique models however carefully, and still it is impossible to reproduce the religious atmosphere which once encircled the cathedral with a sacred halo from foundation-stone to the cross on the spire. The best result is but an architectural parody. The creative genius of the Middle Ages culminated in the master-hands that frescoed church walls, painted their windows, and sprung cathedral arches. How many generations have followed, who, as Lowell says, have been "copiers of copyists," hopelessly trying to recall the past inspiration! Instead of artists we have decorators who talk, not of the beautiful, but of the styles. Walk along our avenues and see how numerous are the illustrations of Darwin's principle of "arrested development" in the way of stumped steeples and incompleated spires attached to burlesque cathedrals, and you will realize how our pride outruns our resources and ambition outreaches consecration, because we fail to recognize the fact that the new thought must take upon itself new forms. Men no longer think of God as the infinite tyrant who was balked at Eden, disappointed by the Deluge, and immolated on Calvary. The placating rite and unreasoning ritual must go, and the building inspired by such thoughts must be modified and changed, before it can become the home of that worship that seeks to enrich this life, ennoble this world, and touch the menial and the common with a celestial halo. We need indeed a sanctuary, literally "a clean place," "a pure room;" and this cannot be secured while pride, selfishness or fear shapes a single line, while unreality or dishonesty springs a single arch. Would you build us a house of worship? O architect, build it low with humility, and make it warm with human tenderness.

Still further let me urge that I believe in no departure from the conventional for mere iconoclastic purposes. I open this question for constructive, not destructive, reasons. I believe in religion as I believe in life itself. I hold with a glad and growing faith to the church, both as an organization and as a building. I believe in the perpetuity of the minister's work, and the high, prophetic character of his calling. Had I a hundred lives, I would devote them all to this task that is at once the delight and the burden of my life. Neither would I secularize the church. But I would increase the sacredness of many other things. I would make the sanctifying influence of the church touch many things

now neglected. Great buildings are yet to be reared. Christopher Wren and Michael Angelo are yet to find worthy peers, but they never will come in response to a backward look. The building that is to increase the value of the religious life, deepen its joys, and heighten its expectations, must come from those who believe that "the best is yet to be"—those with the forward look, those who know that "freedom" is not yet adequately realized in the religious life of men and women; those who believe that "fellowship" is still a neglected word and a poorly attained reality, and that "character," instead of a word to be thrown aside or subordinated, is yet to become the word of words in religion, without which all other words are useless. Upon these lines any departure from the conventional in outward form is a more respectful return to the spirit of the Masters in Art than can ever be brought about by any slavish loyalty to the letter of their priceless bequest.

Economy, Utility, Beauty and a Home-like Adaptation to the higher needs and deeper life of to-day, are the canons of architecture according to which I believe the coming church will be builded. How great a departure from the conventional type these canons may under certain circumstances warrant, it seems to me is hinted by the accompanying diagrams. They are submitted to your practical consideration with the hope that these, or something like them, will meet with your approval, and that, through your coöperation, we may house this baby church of ours in a modest home of this kind. The plan, combining church below and parsonage above within one building, commends itself as a practical expediency. For \$10,000 it will enable us to continue our missionary work with the income at our command. And it is an elastic plan, that will enable us to expand our accommodations as our needs grow. If our congregation should outgrow the capacity of the audience room as indicated, the social rooms on the lower floor can readily be transferred to the upper floor, a parsonage be found elsewhere, and the entire first floor be converted into a symmetrical auditorium at a trifling cost.

But, as here presented, I find in the plan no departure from the conventional type that is not justified, and under certain circumstances, such as ours at the present time, demanded by the canons just mentioned. I believe there is no innovation here introduced that may not increase the power and efficiency of the church. The greatest objection to it is that it shocks the eye with an unfamiliar look, and those who think that "the proper and the becoming" is somehow intimately related with the established, will be troubled with it for a while. But with change of conditions there may come change of form. The building that is an adequate exponent for the needs and thoughts of to-day may differ in appearance from the conventicles of long ago as much as the piano differs from David's harp, or the Spencer rifle differs from the sling with which the Hebrew shepherd lad brought down the Philistine giant. Surroundings effect us immeasurably. The canary bird cannot sing in a squirrel's cage, and the squirrel cannot be blithe in the swinging palace of the canary. The

nineteenth century gospel cannot fully utter itself in a sixteenth century pulpit. I doubt not but that obsolete dogmas and narrow ideas of God and man are kept in the world long after they have ceased to be of much service to the world, by aid of these conventional surroundings. I believe that the five thousand or more empty seats in Chicago churches this morning are empty partly on account of a subtle, intangible, perhaps unconscious, but very forcible reason, which a more rational architecture and a more vital use of the same might at least help to remove.

Even the most radical departure here suggested, of putting the parsonage under the same roof with the church, is more of a return to an original inspiration than a radical innovation. The Lutheran societies in this country and in Europe, I believe, frequently, if not generally, seek such a combination. The Protestant centuries, in trying to whittle down the cathedral to such pigmy proportions as to bring it within the reach of every creed-bound sect in the community, in trying to make it possible for every little dogmatic circle in a neighborhood to possess itself of a vest-pocket edition of a Canterbury cathedral, have cut off the most human elements of the grand old minsters,—the apartments of the priest, the chapter-house, the arched aisles of the cloister, where, morning, noon and night, from Monday to Saturday, as well as on Sunday, the venerable and venerated representatives of religion walked and meditated upon the interests of the Church, where they planned for her triumphs, ready at any time to give that sympathy and counsel which made their work a glorious example to the ministers of religion in all times and faiths. Let our churches again be built in such a way that, like the blessed abbeys of the Middle Ages, their doors will ever open promptly to the call for help, so that there will always be some one on duty day and night. In the coming church the fatherly office is to be revived; the minister must humanize and vitalize the whole building. In it will be focalized the aspirations and affections of its members; and from this common center of study, work and association, life will ray itself in all directions. With the decline of interest in theological dogmas I look for a great increase of interest in social problems, in intellectual, moral and religious training. With the laying down of dead creeds, I look for a great taking up of living men and women, and he who would minister to a living church in these remaining years of the nineteenth century, must be prophet, priest, confessor, friend, teacher and student, all in one. He must be more alive in all his being than was ever any of the predecessors who have dealt with the oracles of right and religion. For this reason he should be given the most advantageous *Pou-Sto*—the Archimedean "whereon to stand,"—that he may do his best toward moving the world Godward. Let the friction of his life, his worldly cares, be reduced to the minimum, that his public activities may be increased to the maximum. At any rate, the church and the minister that are needed in the world are those who have many open questions, who are ever in search of a more excellent way.

Announcements.

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

UNITY CHURCH.

Cor. Dearborn ave. and Walton place.
Minister, Rev. George Batchelor. Residence,
24 Wisconsin st.
Sunday, June 21, Rev. W. C. Gannett will
preach at 10:45 morning. Sunday-school at
12:10.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Cor. Monroe and Laflin sts.
Minister, Rev. James Vila Blake. Residence,
208½ Warren ave.
Sunday, June 21, Rev. James H. West, of Ge-
neva, Ill., will preach at 10:45 morning.
Choir meeting as usual on Monday evening,
June 22.
Picnic at Douglas Park on Saturday, June
27, particulars to be announced next Sunday.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.

In Oakland Hall, corner Oakwood Boulevard
and Ellis ave.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Residence,
200½ Thirty-seventh street. Services 10:45 A.M.;
Sunday-school 9:30 A.M.

Sunday, June 21, the pas'or will preach at the
usual hour; subject, "Present Problems in
Education."

At 7:45 Mr. Jones will preach at Rosalie Music
Hall, South Park. Subject: "Worship, or Why
Pray?"

All Souls Society and their friends will spend
this Saturday afternoon (June 20) at Jackson
Park. All friends cordially invited.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

Cor. Michigan ave. and Twenty-third st.
Minister, Rev. David Utter. Residence, 13
Twenty-second street.

Sunday, June 21, the pastor will preach at
10:45 morning; subject: "Things which we
Hide from Ourselves."

Our Sunday school closed its year's work last
Sunday with the Floral Service, but there are
many library books unreturned, and the libra-
rian is anxious that all such shall be brought
at the Sunday-school hour next Sunday, that
the library may be put in order during the
summer.

Our last service for the season will be June 28.

CONFERENCES.

WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CON- FERENCE.

TREASURER'S REPORT.
May 10, 1885, to date.

RECEIPTS.	
Cash in hand May 10	\$10 00
From First Unitarian Society, Kansas City, Mo	5 00
From Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky.	5 00
From Ladies' Congregational Society, Detroit, Mich.	5 00
From Ladies of Church of the Messiah, St. Louis	40 00
Collected by Mrs. C. P. Woolley for All Souls Church, Chicago—Subscrip- tions due for 1884-5.	16 00
Annual Memberships—\$1 each	75 00
	\$156 00
DISBURSED.	
To Postal Cards and Stationery	14 75
To Unity Mission Tracts, S. S. Society....	2 10
To Postage for Corresponding Secretary	5 00
To Report of Corresponding Secretary— 250 copies	12 00
To "P. O. Mission Work"—From UNITY type	2 50
To Christian Register Association	37 50
To Postage Stamps and Stationery for Treasurer	3 50
To All Souls Church, Chicago	16 00
To balance	61 25
	\$156 00

MRS. JOHN C. HILTON.
June 4, 1885. Treas. W. W. U. C.

MICHIGAN CONFERENCE.

The next meeting of the Michigan Unitarian
Conference will be held in Grand Rapids, June
23-25. The opening sermon is to be preached
on Tuesday evening, June 23, by Rev. M. J.
Savage, of Boston.

Papers or addresses are promised during the
conferences by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of
Boston; Rev. David Utter, of Chicago; Rev. T.
B. Forbush, of Detroit; Rev. Rowland Connor,
of East Saginaw; Rev. Albert Walkley, of Kal-
amazoo, and Rev. Charles F. Elliott, of Jackson.
It is also hoped that Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chi-
cago, and Rev. John Snyder, of St. Louis, may
be able to be present and take part. The usual
reduction of fares is expected on the railroads.
The Grand Rapids people offer the hospitality
of their homes to all delegates. It is hoped the
attendance will be large from all the Michigan
Societies.

T. B. FORBUSH,
President of Conf.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, Sec'y.
HENRY POWERS,
Pastor of Church in Grand Rapids.

THE WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.

The summer meeting of the Wisconsin Con-
ference of Unitarian and Independent Societies
will be held at Arcadia, Wis., June 25-28, 1885.

The meeting will begin on Thursday evening
with a sermon.

During Friday, Saturday and Sunday there
will be various sermons, essays, addresses and
platform meetings.

The following persons will be present and
take part in the exercises:

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Chicago.
Rev. David Utter, of Chicago.
Rev. Wm. C. Wright, of Madison, Wis.
Rev. S. S. Hibbard, of LaCrosse, Wis.
Prof. D. B. Frankenburger, of Madison, Wis.
Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Madison, Wis.
Miss A. A. Woodward, of Madison, Wis.
Miss Frances Le Baron, of Chicago, Ill., etc.

All Societies in Wisconsin are expected to
send delegates.

All persons interested in religious subjects
are cordially invited. The meeting promises
to be large and interesting.

Wm. F. Allen, Pres., Madison, Wis.
Rev. J. H. Crooker, Madison, Wis.

INVITATION OF ARCADIA SOCIETY.
The society in Arcadia extends a cordial in-
vitation to all to join with us in the coming
meeting.

All who expect to attend the meeting will do
us a great favor by sending in their names at
once, that the committee may be able to find
comfortable homes for all.

The ordinary reduction of railroad fare is
provided. T. GRAFTON OWEN, Pastor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KINDERGARTEN HINTS FOR PRIMARY TEACHERS.

A class for Primary Teachers, desiring an in-
sight into Kindergarten methods and means,
as applied to school work, will be opened in
Eau Claire, Wisconsin, June 29, 1885, to continue
six weeks under the auspices of the Eau Claire
Kindergarten Association.

Tuition, including the cost of material used,
twenty-five dollars (\$25).

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garten course. Tuition, fifty dollars.

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Tyng Griswold, Frederick L. Hosmer, Lily
A. Long, William S. Lord, Miss J. E.
McCaine, Emma Endicott Marean, Mary
W. Plummer, Mrs. E. C. Potter, Minnie
S. Savage, J. N. Sprigg, Ella F. Stevens,
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"God," "Miracles," "The Bible,"

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The other thirteen numbers will probably be single sermons from as many preachers,—preachers ranging in their thought from Liberal Orthodoxy to the Society for Ethical Culture; most of them finding a home, therefore, under the Unitarian name. So far as those invited have been heard from and decided on, the list, alphabetically arranged, stands now:

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Rowland Connor,
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Each church that subscribes \$25 for a block of fifty copies and uses them thoroughly through individual readers, as here suggested, besides any good done in its own homes, sends out twenty times fifty, or one thousand tracts a year, to spread the Liberal Faith—a little mission well worth adding regularly to any church-life.

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AND

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Rev. Russell N. Bellows & Rev. Albert Walkley.

Complete lists of churches and ministers; national, state and local associations and conferences; theological schools; clubs; periodicals; sketches of Unitarianism in Great Britain and Ireland, Transylvania, Germany, America; Unitarian beliefs; Unitarian leaders; notes of progress; memorial calendar; list of publications, etc. Four illustrations and map. Price, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. For sale by

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